

1877
Wrangell

Alaska) In 1877 J.C. Mallory began work here, being succeeded that summer by Mrs. A. R. McFarland. Hall Young organized and built the first Protestant Church in Alaska in 1879

In 1877 Dr. Lindsley, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Portland, Oregon, commissioned and sent to Alaska J. C. Mallory, a member of his church, with instructions to visit Ft. Wrangell and Sitka, make a general survey of the needs of the natives and opportunity for opening up mission work, and to open up such work where opportunity offered. Mr. Mallory first visited Ft. Wrangell and there found a Christian Indian who had a school in operation for the natives. Mr. Mallory employed him for \$25. a month and obtained a promise from the natives of Wrangell to assist in building a church. Soon after, Mr. Mallory was appointed by the Government to be an Indian agent in Colorado. Dr. Lindsley then appointed another member of his church, Mrs. A. R. McFarland, to go to Wrangell and take charge of the work Mr. Mallory had begun. Dr. Lindsley assured her support. Sheldon Jackson accompanied her to Alaska. About a year later they were followed by S. Hall Young and John G. Brady, later Governor. In 1879 Dr. Young organized and built the first church at Ft. Wrangell.

1878

Sitka

Alaska) / School work begun here by John G. Brady and Fanny Kellogg
in 1878

Rev. John G. Brady went out from New York to Sitka, capital of the Territory, and undertook educational and evangelistic work. He secured as a teacher for his school at Sitka Miss F. E. Kellogg. Of necessity this became an industrial school for the boys had to assist with the building and the girls were taught to make their clothes and care for their homes. As time went on this school branched out and today it is known as "The Sheldon Jackson School."

This school is today known as

*who later became
Mrs. S. Hall Jones.*

1887
1917
Alaska) Metlakatla, "Father" Duncan established colony of Christian Indians here in 1887. First Alaska Indian ordained Presby. minister, pastor here 1917

of the Church of England,
In 1857 William Duncan, known generally as Father Duncan, had established a mission among the Tsimpian Indians in British Columbia. He organized a self-supporting Indian colony known as Metlakatla. Because of irksome governmental regulations and the persecution, both political and ecclesiastical, to which he was subjected, in August 1887 he moved his whole colony to Annette Island, Alaska, and established there a new Metlakatla. At the death of Father Duncan, a Presbyterian Church was organized over which Rev. Edward Marsden, a native was called to be pastor.

1890

Teller
Alaska) / Sheldon Jackson imported first reindeer from Siberia 1890

Through the initiative of Sheldon Jackson, reindeer were introduced into Alaska for the purpose of supplying food to the Eskimos. In recent years the marketing of reindeer meat has become quite an industry. The total number of reindeer imported from Siberia was a little over 1,000. It is now estimated that there are 500,000 in Alaska. The survey of the U.S. Department of Agriculture shows that the vast tundras are capable of supporting four million reindeer.

2(See "The Soul of America"
for further information)

1890
1920

Alaska) Barrow, L.M. Stevenson began work here in 1890

Modern hospital building erected in 1920

In 1890 in answer to the call for missionary work in the
Arctics broadcast through the religious papers by the Lieu-
tenant in the U.S. Navy, Prof. L.M. Stevenson a veteran of
the Civil War left his family in Ohio on a few weeks notice
to go to Barrow to open up the work there.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

At the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church held in San Francisco, May 26 to June 1, there was officially inaugurated the celebration by the Board of National Missions of the 125th anniversary of organized Presbyterian missions in the United States, the fiftieth anniversary of Presbyterian missions in Alaska, and the fiftieth anniversary of the women's missionary organization of the church.

The formal celebration took place Tuesday morning, May 31, when the general Secretary, Dr. John A. Marquis, presented the annual report of the Board of National Missions. Dr. W. O. Thompson of Columbus, Ohio, retiring Moderator of General Assembly and ex-president of Ohio State University, gave the principal address, and Dr. S. Hall Young, who organized the first Presbyterian church in Alaska at Wrangell in 1879 and who was for many years a missionary in that territory, spoke for Alaska. Mrs. D. Everett Waid of New York City, a member of the Board of National Missions and formerly a member of the Woman's Board of Home Missions, represented the women.

It was in May, 1802, at the Presbyterian General Assembly held in Philadelphia, that the first Standing Committee on Missions was appointed. Four ministers and three laymen constituted its membership, and Rev. Ashbel Green was chairman. Long before this time, however, Presbyterian missionaries had been pushing into the frontiers, going either on their own initiative or employed by presbyteries, synods, even at first by agencies in England and Scotland. From the seaboard states they followed the advancing frontier across the Alleghenies then beyond the Mississippi river, and finally reached the Pacific slopes, passing by for the time the great intermountain region which was to be later a center of mission activity.

The early missionaries, John Eliot and the Brainerds, Asariah Horton and others, were interested primarily in converting the Indians. Then responsibility also for the pioneer white settlers who were deprived of all religious instruction came to the fore. Before 1800 the Negroes, too, were being recognized as a field for missionary service, and in 1801 John Chavis, a Negro graduate of Princeton, was commissioned by the General Assembly as a missionary to his own people in Virginia and North Carolina.

Missionary activity usually followed soon on the recognition of definite population groups or the opening up of new territory through political change. Thus Presbyterian National Missions went into Cuba and Porto Rico immediately after the Spanish-American War, Missions on an interdenominational basis were formally begun in Santo Domingo in 1921.

In 1829 the Rev. J. S. Green, a missionary returning from the Sandwich Islands, explored Alaska as far north as Sitka with reference to establishing a mission there. It was not until 1877, however, that a Presbyterian missionary, J. C. Mallory, was actually sent by the First Presbyterian Church of Portland. On his return after a brief service, the same church sent Mrs. A. R. McFarland under the escort of Sheldon Jackson. Mrs. McFarland set up a school. In 1878 she was followed by John G. Brady, later governor of the territory, and by Rev. S. Hall Young. The opening of the school in Sitka — the beginning of the present Sheldon Jackson School — in the last days of April, 1878, is described in a letter from Mr. Brady:

"The Indians stole in, a few at a time, some with their faces painted black or black and red, or with the whole face black and just one eye painted red, as if in imitation of some clown. Nearly all wore blankets and were in their bare feet. They squatted around the wall and listened attentively to all that was sung or said." Annah Hoots, the war chief, made, it is said, an emphatic speech of approval. They had been shown pictures of the elephant, the lion, and the like, and told that by coming to school they could learn to read about these animals, and what was far better, about the Father of Life. Fifty persons of all ages and sexes arrived for the first session. In the

first nine days a dozen had learned the alphabet and were ready for the primer, and thereafter for some time when Indians met in the stores or streets there would be a going over of letters or a singing of tunes."

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In 1900 work was begun at Point Barrow among the Eskimos by Leander M. Stevenson, a veteran of the Civil War and a layman in the church, who at forty-five, on a few weeks' notice, left his family in Ohio to open and maintain a lonely mission station at Alaska's northernmost point. Today Presbyterian missions in Alaska include eighty-nine enterprises.

One of the first references to women in connection with Presbyterian missionary activities occurs in the Minutes of the General Assembly of 1811, where certain "pious women" associated together for the aid of missionary, Bible, and tract societies are commended for their contributions. "Benevolence," says a Minute, "is always attractive; but when dressed in a female form it possesses peculiar charms."

In 1818 the Board of Missions records the receipt of twenty-five dollars from a "Female Missionary Society" and a year later among contributions noted is one from "The Female Mite Society of Scrubgrass." In 1824 occurs the first instance of a salary of a missionary paid wholly by the women, that of the Rev. John Rhodes, by the Female Domestic Missionary Society of Lucerne County, Pennsylvania.

Not until 1867, however, was there the germ of what was to become a national missionary organization of Presbyterian women. In response to a plea made for the Spanish of New Mexico by the wife of an army officer, there was formed at Auburn, New York, the "Santa Fe Organization", which was later enlarged as the "Ladies Board of Missions in New York". In 1875 the General Assembly recommended "the organization of a Woman's Home Missionary Society with auxiliary societies, under the advice and counsel of the Board of Home Missions." This organization became a fact in 1877-78 as the Woman's Executive Committee. Under a variety of titles it continued to function until 1923, when it was merged in the present Board of National Missions. At present the women of the Presbyterian Church are largely responsible for the schools and hospitals of the Board.

The support of 7,545 local enterprises, churches, schools, hospitals, community centers and other forms of ministry to local populations is the largest and most important aspect of the work of the Board. These enterprises touch every state of the Union in addition to Alaska and three islands of the West Indies, Cuba, Porto Rico and Santo Domingo. They reach most of the population and community types in the United States including particularly rural communities, Southern Mountains, the Mormon area, migrant workers in lumber camps and elsewhere, Negroes, Indians, Eskimos, cities and industrial centers, European immigrants, Jews, Spanish-speaking population in the Southwest, Orientals including Chinese, Japanese and Koreans, and the Spanish-speaking West Indies.

In addition to these enterprises, the Board of National Missions is responsible for the provision of certain more generalized services, such as the Army and Navy chaplains, organization of evangelistic campaigns throughout the country, and assisting Presbyterian congregations in the building of churches and mansees.

In the actual missionary work being done by the Board of National Missions 3,828 persons are engaged.

The primary task of the Board of National Missions is to touch the hearts of the people with the spirit of Christ, recreate life at its source and center so that men will abandon selfishness and outgrow lawlessness. It works in the conviction that a generation that has lost faith in God and ceases to love Jesus Christ will not long serve the nation or the world.

(Women and Missions, July, 1927, pp.126 ff.)

NOTES ON ALASKA

1. Federal-Territorial Relations:- The most important next step in a survey of the relationships between the Federal Government and the Territory of Alaska for the special purpose of ascertaining what the needs and abilities of the Territory are in providing the necessary services in education, health, social welfare, economic development. Further details of this survey are given in a separate memorandum. The plan for a study was presented to various officials of the Territorial Government, to the Chamber of Commerce, and to various other groups. The reaction was distinctly favorable.

One of the two things that needs to be remembered in any study of Federal-Territorial Relations is that an unusually good piece of work is being done by the extension workers from the Alaska College. These workers, financed out of Federal funds, have served both whites and natives. They have been particularly helpful to the native population.

One step that could be taken very soon is the combining of school facilities in small places where there is already unnecessary duplication. It would seem advisable, for example, to abandon the Petersburg Native School immediately and try to place the pupils in local Territorial schools. The Territorial school already has a large number of natives in it and it is reported that the few who still attend the native school do not really belong in Petersburg. In view of the present teacher's illness, it would be a convenient time to abolish the school and the position and not have to face the question of filling the position with a new person.

2. Indian Organization:- Alaska is a critical - but by no means impossible - situation as to Indian tribal organization under the Wheeler-Howard Act. The act contains many provisions that are of vital importance to Alaskan natives. The natives, however, are very much afraid of accepting any benefits under the act if they are to be classed as "reservation Indians". The one thing the natives of southeastern Alaska pride themselves on is advancement in white man's ways. Once the matter can be explained to them and proper safeguards set up to make certain that they do not surrender their hard-won citizenship rights, the natives can benefit by Wheeler-Howard Organization. It is essential, however, that some one of the rank of the Commissioner or Assistant Commissioner go to Alaska, preferably at the time of the visit of the Senate Sub-Committee in July and August. It would also be desirable to have William Paul and one or more additional delegate come in to the Washington Office.

The attitude of the Alaskan natives toward Indian tribal organization is largely determined by this eagerness to adopt white ways. They pay a five-dollar school tax - at least those do whose occupation is definitely known - and they prize their independence. The attitude is well expressed in the following article (from THE VERSTOVIAN of March, 1935) - an editorial written by John James, student editor:

"The Wheeler-Howard Act

"One goal that we as a race are working toward is economic independence. We do not want to be wards of the government or of any other organization. It is only right that our race should feel so since it is only the man who can earn an honest living who can feel independent and secure.

"Yet the native people are not entirely to blame for the position they are now in. We have found it difficult to compete with the white man in business and in making a living. His standard of living has been high and many of the ways and means of making a living that the native once had have been taken away from us. We cannot go out as we once did in the old days and get deer meat any time that we want it; the laws of the government will not let us do that. We used to be able to get along without money; now that is impossible since modern civilization demands money as a medium of exchange.

"Much discussion has been given to the sections of the Wheeler-Howard Act which provides funds which may be loaned to the native people for establishing corporations. The idea of helping us to establish corporations is all right, but after further study, our people found that we could not touch these funds unless we became "Reservation Indians" and accepted the position of wards with no voice in the disposal of the property except as we follow certain rules of the Indian Bureau.

"We agree with the leaders of the Alaska Native Brotherhood in their stand that we, as natives of Alaska, should maintain every right of American citizenship that we already have and that we should not undertake any enterprise that may deprive us of any of the privileges of citizenship.

"The question before our people is explained fully in the words of one of our Alaska Native Brotherhood leaders, 'The question we will first answer, or allow to be answered for us, is not whether we can get our share of the loan for economic development or not, but whether the Indian Bureau should get a firmer grip on our lives and our affairs, and on our children after us'".

This attitude of the natives is also clearly evident in native arts and crafts. Some of our schools are now doing some excellent work in this field, but always with skepticism if not actual hostility on the part of many of the natives and friends of the natives. The following statement is from a well-trained, cultured white employee of the Indian Service who is married to a native, and was furnished in answer to a request for a report as to the effort she has made in her community work on native arts and crafts:

"I have encouraged the study of their own history and legends and culture. I believe the children should be taught to be proud of their past and the people from which they have sprung.

"However, (and I make this answer with the full knowledge that the Office of Indian Affairs wishes Native Arts and Crafts pushed) I do not believe that anyone can stop the march of time. In a community such as southeastern Alaska where the Indian lives side by side with the white man and must engage in the same types of industry or starve, it is futile to spend time on Native Arts and Crafts. The native craft of the Indian man was the dugout canoe; he must be taught how to make a seaworthy gas boat and how to run and repair gas and diesel engines if he is going to survive in southeastern Alaska. The native craft of the Indian woman was the basket; it is working against immutable laws to expect her to go out into the woods, grub around the roots of the spruce tree following the tiny rootlets for yards, to dry and split them and then finally spend three months weaving a basket that will sell for \$5.00, with a limited market at that. The totem pole is marvelous, but even in the old days not all Indians could carve totem poles. Only certain ones had the artistic ability. To take these totem pole designs and adapt them to chair or table legs or radio cabinets seems a monstrosity to me. I wouldn't have one in my own house, neither would I teach a child to perpetrate such a thing. The conventionalized designs of the baskets are charming, but all the rest of their art is primitive and grotesque and hard to live with day after day. The peculiar green and yellow of the Chilcat blanket fights with every other color in the spectrum.

"I believe the purpose of the Bureau schools should be to prepare the native to survive in the community in which he lives. Civilization has taken away from him his particular possessions and his former mode of living, his fish, his timber, his game and furs. The School must train him to compete successfully with his white neighbors by vocational studies and let those children who show artistic ability perpetuate native art."

What the Alaska native needs to understand above all else is the possibility of preserving what is worth while in the old culture and at the same time being "modern".

A still more recent editorial in THE VERSTOVIAN says:

"*****For the time being you must try to understand us, We are a race struggling towards higher goals against a strong influence of race prejudice and handicaps that tend to hold us down.

"The coming of the white man with his ways and standards of living has wrought a great change in the life of our people. The change was so sudden that it left our people surprised and bewildered. They saw men come in from outside and take their lands away. Some of them saw the change of ownership between two great countries; they watched one country sell their lands to another country. We were not considered in the transaction. Yet we were snubbed because our ways and customs were different from theirs. That feeling of discrimination today constitutes a large part of our problems.

"They expected us to change overnight to their ways of living, but that was impossible because the type of white man that came in was not worthy of admiration. They did many things

that hurt us and they did not even stop at injuring men of their own race. Do you still wonder that our people hesitated about trying to adopt the ways of the white man?

"Not until Christianity found its way into our country did our people actually see any good in the white man and his ways. Then slowly they started to come to believe that the way of the white man was the best after all.

"Our race owes a lot to Christianity and its missionary work, for it brought men who were really "white" in every sense of the word. Where the other men abused they helped and healed. They started to educate the natives and they are still doing so. This is the biggest blessing we have ever received."

It is easy to blame missionaries for the way in which the Alaskan natives approach Indian Organization but present-day missionaries are really not to blame. Many of them understand fully the possibilities for combining what is good in the old with what is desirable in the new. In a sense, the present attitude of the Alaskan native youth is the hang-over from mission efforts of the previous generation. Christianity was pushed as "a way of life" that excluded all other ways of life, especially the "pagan". Consequently, when anyone advocates the preservation and advancement of native arts and any other elements in Alaskan native life, he is putting in conflict two "ways of life" that are regarded by the natives (and some missionaries) as wholly different. Of course, the better missionaries have always understood the necessity for building on the old and giving adequate scope to ancient culture, but other missionaries, including particularly recent native converts, are likely to be zealous in demanding a Christian Church life that is entirely uncorrupted by native customs. It will probably be impossible to make the natives of Alaska see this - (each generation in turn has had to learn by bitter experience the tragedy of surrendering everything that it has had of the old) - but certainly every effort ought to be made to see if the Alaskan native cannot understand that a combination of both old and new is most desirable.

3. Personnel policy:- The Alaska personnel policy needs to be thoroughly overhauled at the Juneau, Alaska, office as well as here in Washington. It is my understanding that steps are under way to regularize as much of the present Indian Service personnel as should be permanently maintained, and that arrangements are being made to use the "community worker series" now available for the rest of the Indian Service. The latter process is more satisfactory, for the present at least, than any attempt to secure a "differential" based on Alaska conditions.

There are two matters that need special attention in connection with personnel:

(1) A more definite policy of elimination of unsatisfactory workers before the expiration of the probationary period. While I was in Alaska, several cases came up where a decision to eliminate now rather than to hold over for a while would be the kindest thing to do as well as the most efficient.

(2) Attention needs to be given to the question of employees' quarters. Traveling people can testify that the quarters arrangements are below any standard known in the Indian Service or any other Service so far as can be ascertained. It is not merely a question of a guest room for the traveler--the employees themselves are crowded into impossible places and apparently no effort whatever has been made to modernize quarters even where it was possible. One exception to this was the improvement in the quarters at the Saxon native school; a few changes like this would not only help the morale of the Alaska workers but have a very real effect on improving conditions in Alaskan native villages.

4. Metlakatla:- The Metlakatla story is so well known that there is no value in rehearsing it here except to say that some extraordinarily valuable things are going on there even now, regardless of some of the difficulties of the past few years. At the council meeting that I attended, the questions raised had to do with the physical improvements the Indians are concerned with (particularly the breakwater and road); mining possibilities - they wish a competent mining engineer to run the mines for them; high school facilities (preferably local) for Metlakatla boys and girls.

The present cannery arrangement seems to be working out satisfactorily at least as far as immediate financial return is concerned. Such figures as I was able to secure indicated that the cannery contractor was paying over \$52,000 this year on his contract to the Indians.

He paid out this last year \$46,000 in wages, employing at the peak of the canning something like 175 Metlakatians.

Mr. Hawkesworth and I discussed with the members of the council the difficulties inherent in the very small local high school such as Metlakatla would probably have to have. Assuming that the numbers may not warrant good high school facilities it would seem that they could at least continue to maintain junior high school work with plenty of practical opportunities. Whether they should actually have a good vocational high school on the island to which students from neighboring islands might come is perhaps worthy of further investigation (though this is undoubtedly a continuation of the desire the Metlakatians expressed at the time the Bureau of Education was looking for a location for a boarding school in southeast Alaska). Metlakatla youth now have three opportunities - Wrangell Institute, Sheldon Jackson School at Sitka, and the high school at Ketchikan. One of the members of the council explained that it would cost \$50 a year at Sheldon Jackson and not many of the Metlakatians can afford this (there is some question on this point - some of the Indians have much higher cash return than they realize). (Since my return from Alaska, Mr. Stone, the Industrial Director, has written to us the results of his inquiry which show that twenty-four students of high school age would be available for a local high school here.)

I took photographs of two of the three remaining old Duncan buildings - the Guest House and the Old Dormitory. The three buildings, including the old store, are in dreadful condition - not only disgraceful in appearance but actually falling down and probably a real menace. I asked Mrs. Minthorn what they planned to do with the old buildings and she said (with special reference to the dormitory which we happened to be looking at at that moment) that they planned to restore the building "as a community house". To a layman "restoration" seems almost out of the question. As to the land, the natives (accepting Mayor Murchison's word for it) insist that this land never belonged to Father Duncan - that it was his "merely for use" and that there is therefore no justification in title. Mr. Hawkesworth, on the other hand, professes to see no harm in giving title but keeping the Duncan funds strictly to mission enterprise.

5. Wrangell Institute:- As indicated in my letter from Seattle, of May 31, I consider that Wrangell Institute is doing an excellent job; that Jackson made an exceptionally good start in establishing a school that should have a direct relationship to the life of southeast Alaska, and that Mr. Miller, working with several handicaps not his own fault, is now making a go of it. I found the Indians questioning somewhat the work of the school; their questions are intelligent and I think offer no real obstacle to a constructive program. My suggestion to Miller was that we create an advisory board of a considerable body of Indians, placing on it folks like Louis Paul and others of the Alaska Native Brotherhood. Wrangell Institute's program will have to be worked out in very close relationship with the natives in southeast Alaska. I still have the doubts with regard to it that I have with regard to any boarding school enterprise anywhere. If it has a real purpose, it will have to be in close cooperation with the communities from which the Indians come. Hence the importance of plans that Miller now has for developing the nautical machine shop on the beach in front of the school and having returned students and their relatives there to use the facilities; also the importance of having a plan carried out whereby Miss Major will go about from the school into nearby native villages. For details with regard to Wrangell Institute and staff I refer again to the May 31 letter. One of the mistakes at Wrangell is the staff house - it is a serious handicap to have all the staff housed in one building. There should be at least a separate cottage for the superintendent of the school.

6. Sheldon Jackson School:- Under the present administration the Sheldon Jackson School seems to me to be trying intelligently to fit into the Alaska program. If any survey of Alaska is to be made, Mr. Leslie Yaw ought to be consulted, and if he and his board are willing, I suggest that he be asked to serve on the proposed advisory board for Wrangell Institute.

W. Carson Ryan, Jr.,
Director of Research
on Planning and Development.

July 9, 1935

*From
Somewhere
Dr.*
OCT 14 1935

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I LIVED WITH THE ALASKAN PILGRIMS

(Copied from "Liberty" - October 12, 1935)

Note: When news of the colonization of the Matanuska Valley was announced, the Board of National Missions assigned one of its missionaries - Rev. B. J. Bingle - who was stationed at Cordova, Alaska, to the task of providing for the spiritual needs of the new settlers (more than two hundred families) and to be prepared to meet them when they arrived. Mr. Bingle has been a resident of the colony since its beginning and is carrying forward a program of church and Sunday school work, together with other varied forms of ministry in behalf of these people who otherwise would have been deprived of any spiritual care. He is conducting services and maintaining Sunday schools in each of the eight camps that have been established. Thus your Board of National Missions is continuing its work of pioneer ministry wherever the need is found in the Name of Christ and the Presbyterian Church.

Two men bore the little box into the half-finished recreation hall, where rough planks laid crossways over a couple of paint-stained and whittled saw-horses awaited it. They put it down gently and stepped back, that the minister and the mourners might come near.

The minister closed his book and raised his voice in song. Men, women, and children, many of them weeping, joined in with him, flooding the plain with nostalgic melody that echoed, half heard, against the mountains that fenced in the cloudy sky:

"Goin' home, goin' home --
I'm agoin' home."

It was William Arms Fisher's song written for the music of Anton Dvorak's New World Symphony.

The singers crowded about the box on its unorthodox altar. Two men had stayed up all the night before, making that little box, measuring pieces of fir, sawing, hammering, planing, while rain drummed on their tent. In the morning some women of the camp had lined it with pieces of silk and satin, with memories of weddings and christenings and gay times of long-gone days beyond these bleak Alaskan horizons.

"Quiet like, some still day,
I'm jes' goin' home.
It's not far, jes' close by,
Through an open door."

The box smelled of the forests from which it came, and of the wild flowers heaped upon it, and the dust that blew across it. The wind covered everything and everybody with dust, the fine dust of the Matanuska Valley, swirling in over the unfinished rough-board walls of the hall. People coughed, blinked, rubbed their eyes, dug their fingers into their ears, turned their heads.

A wan tired sunlight slanted in on the home-made coffin and the tired thin faces of the mourners. At least, the light seemed tired. It had been shining all day long, day after day. Even last night, when it rained, and people went into the hospital tent to look for the last time on the white face of the child - with the flickering blue lights shining on it from behind the isinglass windows of the stove - the sun had been shining, painting rainbows on the clouds.

The recreation hall rested on a little hill in the center of the headquarters camp. There were swings for children nearby, and a row of tents for officials. Below and to the left were the tents of the colonists, standing in straight rows, smoke eddying out of bent metal chimneys. To the right were the tents and the wooden buildings of the administration - men and women sent out from Washington to help the colony; the mess hall; the building used by the Signal Corps; piles of supplies; beds and stoves; crates and boxes of machinery; heaps of chimneys, vast quantities of everything set down without regard to order, uncovered, exposed to the dust or the rain.

Directly in front were the railroad tracks, lines of old red box cars, flat-cars full of new trucks, full of new lumber; and beyond, acres and acres of brush, forests of spruce and birch and poplar and cottonwood and willow and fir, and farther on the snow-covered mountains and the gleam of Knik Glaciers, a river of blue-white ice that caught a ray of the sun. The services ended. The little box was carried out to a truck. The flowers were heaped about it. The truck moved off, going slowly, and the mourners followed on foot, picking a careful way through the brush.

The grave had been dug in a clearing approximately five hundred feet from the edge of the camp. The box was lowered into it while the minister, the Rev. B. J. Bingle, prayed aloud. Rich black loam was shoveled over it and heaped into a tiny mound. And Donald Henry Koenen, four year old child of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Koenen, formerly of South Range, Wisconsin, had found his permanent home - the first home made by the American colonists in Alaska.

A man coming back from the funeral paused and shook his fist at the mountains. Many were sick. There was only one doctor, and he had a district of sixty square miles and no auto of his own. Like every one else, he must wait for a truck to come along and give him a lift. Little children lay on cots in humid tents and fretted and cried while mothers and fathers and big sisters fanned them and kept the mosquitoes away, and prayed for the doctor to hurry. Transient workers with crushed fingers and blistered feet and broken heads cursed and smoked and made bawdy jokes, and waited for the doctor. Men and women ill with rheumatism complained, played solitaire, wrote long letters home, and wondered when the doctor would get around to them.

The rain fell; the dust blew; it was hot by day, cold by night; the mosquitoes never let one alone; the darkness never came; and when the doctor arrived he could stay but for a few minutes. There was always somebody else waiting for him. This was no country to die in, this strange, primitive, cold and lonely land - this valley shut in by those austere impassable snow-covered peaks. It was the mountains one could not endure. They hemmed one in, especially if one were sick or the father of sick children. They smothered one, chilled him, frightened him. They were beautiful, yes - at first - with their dazzling white summits that turned to red and pink and mauve and gray and blue with the dying sun. But one got over their beauty after a time and saw only their grimness. And they were symbols of the land - this land where the colonists were set down with their families, their household goods, everything that was theirs.

Why, in the name of God, had they been sent here? To be trapped by those mountains? To freeze in tents? To die while the hard-pressed doctor tarried? Why? For millions and millions of years those mountains had stood there, barring the way, guarding the valley, changing it, sending rivers of ice down to make gorges in the rock, to make hills and depressions in the plain, to make rivers and lakes and swamps. Snow covered them eternally. Some of it melted in summer and formed lakes in back of the glaciers. The water cut through the bases of the glaciers. The sun attacked from above. In August, usually, the glaciers broke with a mighty roar and freed the lakes they had dammed, and tons and tons of water plowed down into the valleys, bringing great blocks of ice, great quantities of rock and earth and gravel, and sometimes great quantities of gold and other minerals. The floods subsided, leaving acres of rock and gravel and sand and silt; and the winds came and sent the silt and sand flying everywhere, to make black loam, to make fertile land, to cover the valleys with trees, with brush, with wild flowers.

Millions of years these mountains had been altering the surface of the Matanuska Valley - with no man to defy them, and none to take advantage of the rich soil they had made. Some men had lived in the valley hundreds of years ago - Indians who had given it its name - Matanuska (Muddy Waters). The town and the valley take the name from the river. The Indians had gone and left no trace. White men had come, a few of them, packing their supplies on their backs, to build log cabins, to stay for a few months or a few years, to trap, to hunt, to fish, to look for gold. But it was only recently they had come to make a living from the soil.

And now here was a little army of Americans come to fight the wilderness, the long days, the hordes of mosquitoes, the unchanging mountains. Here they were, comparable to the Israelites in the land of Canaan. It was a brave adventure - at first. It was a rich land. It would grow almost anything. The season was not long, but the sun shone twenty hours a day or more, and there was plenty of rain. It wasn't too hot in summer, and it seldom got any colder than thirty below zero in winter. It was virgin country. It was carpeted with moss. There was no frost until one dug very deep. It was covered with brush, with trees, with lush vegetation. Some of it had never felt the blade of the plow nor the tread of a man. Millions and millions of years it had waited, growing richer and richer every year - waited for men to come and make themselves a living if they dared.

It had been a gay adventure, for most of these people were poor farmers. They had done their best, but they hadn't managed to make much of a living back home. Here they would have forty-acre tracts, houses with running water, barns, wells, livestock, all the supplies they needed, and government advice and help in growing and marketing their crops. Moreover, they would be extended credit, and they would have thirty years in which to pay for what they obtained. They had come eagerly across the continent, along the long trek by water and up the railroad from Seward. And here they were, dumped into rows of little tents with all their possessions, set down on a dusty wind-swept plain - and apparently forgotten!

There were inadequate supplies. There were no houses, no barns, no churches, no schools. They had to fetch water from the community wells. Work that should have been done before they arrived hadn't been started. Supplies that should have been there couldn't be found. They were confused, and no one seemed to know who was in charge. No one could tell what was what. The feeling of adventure had faded when the first child took sick. And now one of the kids had died.

There were tears of hopelessness and rage in the eyes of the man who shook his fist at the mountains - tears and dust. He pulled down his mosquito veil, stumbled through the brush and the rocks and the dust into camp, into his tent. Two of his children lay there burning with fever, asking for the doctor.

Most of the men in this region wear the "Matanuska veil" - a band of black netting you can pull down around your head. It circles the average man's hat when not in use. I never saw one on a woman. Apparently only the men go veiled. They look very coy peering through that black mesh. But veils are needed especially in the woods, for the mosquitoes nest in the moss. And there are miles and miles of moss. In Seward they say you can always tell a Matanuska mosquito because it has a spot as big as a dime on each wing. This is probably an exaggeration, since I never found any spots on a mosquito's wing, though I saw plenty of the pests.

Two more children died in the next few weeks, and more than a hundred persons were sick. Dr. E. E. Ostrom could stand the strain no longer. He called up Dr. J. H. Romig of Anchorage and begged for aid. Anchorage is about thirty-five miles away from the headquarters camp at Palmer, or Valley City, as the colonists renamed it. A branch line of the Alaska Railway, owned and operated by the United States government, runs between the two localities. One car, driven by a Diesel motor, makes the round trip daily. There are no automobile roads. One was started out of Anchorage some time ago, but it has only reached Eklutna, the home of the Indian school. Some time next year it may be cut through all the way to Palmer.

"For God's sake," Dr. Ostrom said, "come up and help me, or send somebody up here. There are a dozen children sick - very sick. They may die if I can't get help. I need at least one more doctor, and I need nurses." Even as he talked a special train had pulled in from Seward, bearing S. R. Fuller of New York and his party. They had come to Alaska on the Coast Guard cutter "Shoshone". They had been sent by President Roosevelt after Eugene Carr, commissioner in charge of the camp, had asked for reinforcements.

Dr. Romig hurried down to the depot to meet Mr. Fuller, who called two of his party into consultation, Dr. R. G. Davis of the United States Navy, and Dr. J. R. Murdock of the United States Public Health Service. "Dr. Ostrom must have whatever help we can give him," Fuller said. "You can get nurses?"

"Yes. We have a good hospital here. And I can send a doctor up there, too, Dr. E. C. Albrecht. A young man, but a good doctor. I'll send them up tomorrow."

"Today," said Fuller.

"There's no train out until tomorrow morning."

"Why don't you put them on this train?"

"Impossible, unless you wait several hours. I must get some supplies ready to go up with them."

"Then hire a special train. You must get there tonight."

The Fuller train pulled out a few minutes later.

Drs. Davis and Murdock visited a number of tents in the headquarters camp, and then visited other camps - thumbing their way. They were astounded at what they found - the many sick, the prevailing despair, the hopelessness, the bitterness. "Cheer up," they said. "Your kids won't die. We're going to build a hospital. We'll take care of everybody. Wrap up that child and get him ready to travel. There'll be a hospital to take him to before morning!" They toured the entire valley looking for a hospital site. Someone suggested the dance hall in the town of Matanuska. The doctors hurried there. They shook their heads. The building was inadequate and the town is in the glacier-flood zone.

"How about the recreation hall?" asked Commissioner Eugene "Watch-Out-for-the" Carr. Within half an hour every available carpenter in the camp was at work, and many of the colonists. Within six hours there was a hospital. Its floor had been swept and mopped; its windows cleaned. The stoves had fires in them. The beds had been arranged. They had clean sheets. The doctor and the nurses had arrived. And a crowd of men stood about the door, silent.

It was two o'clock in the morning. The sun had just come up. Trucks went thundering over all the roads. Trucks came thundering back with patients. Men and women got out of them, carrying their children. They handed them over to the nurses. They stood outside, peeping through the door, looking at the starched white nurses, the competent reassuring doctors, the row of inviting beds. The place smelled of clean lumber, of disinfectants, of hope. Some of them sat down in the shadows and wept a little, and listened for the cries they had heard so many nights in their tents, and talked to each other in low voices. They left reluctantly in the waiting trucks. It took courage to go - but courage had returned with hope.

A new world dawned that morning at two o'clock. The kids were safe. Not only that, but a big building had been finished in six hours. There was a chance that every family would have its home and ten cleared acres and a well before snow fell.

St. Lawrence Island

The opportunity offered me as teacher to a lonely isolated village of polygamous Eskimos in Bering Sea, with only one mail a year and no companion but my wife, would never have induced me to leave the practice of my profession and decline an appointment to a vast field of usefulness in Laos, if there had not been the assurance that I would have an opportunity to do missionary work in a place where it was difficult and at that time impossible to secure another man.

Without, as far as I know, infringing upon the duties devolving upon me through my commission as teacher and reindeer superintendent for the Government, I have, as a missionary, treated the sick, (using my own instruments, medicines and hospital supplies,) conducted an orphanage with four inmates in my own rooms, married those who were inclined, baptized the believing, buried the dead, cheered the faint, comforted the sorrowing and preached the Gospel of Jesus Christ to all who would listen. Besides the house to house visitation this has required, we have conducted a regular Sunday preaching service, a Sunday evening prayer service led by the young men in much the same way as a Christian Endeavor Society is managed, a prayer meeting Tuesday evening, a Bible class for young women Wednesday afternoon, and a Bible class for young men Thursday evening.

Although I have not received for this one cent of salary or remuneration or reward from the Board, Synod of Presbytery of the Presbyterian Church or any other church, I am proud to call myself a missionary so long as the Presbyterians or some other church and Jesus Christ shall own me.

At Pt. Barrow and at St. Lawrence Island there should always be carried on hand a double supply of stores, for there occasionally come times when the supply vessels do not reach these points, either through wreck or through a closing of the ice or a fire in San Francisco, and then there is no way of supplying the loss. Pt. Barrow is just a little better off from being on the mainland and accessible to relief expeditions and having three mails a year, one in summer on the revenue cutter, and two by dog or deer in the winter. But St. Lawrence Island has but the one mail brought by the revenue cutter, and when the ice comes in the fall, there

is no possible communication with the outside world until the next spring or summer.

I have learned from the natives of at least eight ships that have been wrecked on St. Lawrence Island. Two of these were in the fall of 1899 and of 1900, at which times the lives of ten men were lost. This could have been prevented if there had been a chain of cabin posts along the north shore of the Island with a small supply of emergency army rations and directions to the station at Gambell in each cabin. But in those days there was not more than enough food for the station superintendent.

If I had had a carpenter laid up at St. Lawrence Island during the winter, I could have kept him busy teaching my boys. I have put up several buildings with their help, and can testify that they possess mechanical skill to a remarkable degree. I have in my possession a spring cupboard catch made from ivory that works as well as its iron mate, and a coffee pot made from an empty coal oil can with a pair of old scissors and a large ship spike that would do credit to many a tinner. Some of Mrs. Campbell's girls have cut out and sewed up dresses that show a very noteworthy amount of genius. They are very imitative and require good examples more than many words.

With the St. Lawrence Island Eskimos

"We have been busy reading our letters and answering them ever since our mail came July 12th." So wrote Mrs. Campbell on August seventh, 1909. And what a pleasant yet hurried task one can imagine that to be, with the fact in mind that the mail for that lonely station -- perhaps the loneliest Home Mission station in the world -- is delivered but once a year, when the upcoming boat stops on its way northward, to call again a month or so later for the return mail to the States. How the moments fly as pages are scanned for messages from home and for the latest intelligence of happenings in the great far-away, outside world. Then there are the letters from friends and well-wishers, bound by ties in the Master's service to these devoted missionaries, Dr. Campbell and his wife. These must be answered, if answered at all for the year, in time for the call of the boat on its return trip. What hours of busy writing! The letters just received must await a second reading during the long weeks and months that follow the last glimpse of the steamer, which has broken in upon the solitary waters of that little island in Bering Sea, midway between Alaskan shores and the great coast line of Siberia.

"The thought that there are so many friends in the home land, who are praying for us and for our people, strengthens our hearts and our hands, and renews our courage to press on," writes Mrs. Campbell. We bespeak a renewed fervency in those prayers -- it is the one thing the Campbells ask for in their work. Everywhere else appears of secondary importance -- physical comfort, supplies, better equipment -- these occupy a minor place in every letter that comes from them. It is prayer -- insistent, continuous, fervent, believing -- for which they plead. Yet, that they are practical in their work for the making of a cleanly, upright, thoughtful community among their Eskimo charges is abundantly shown -- as may be seen from the accounts of the way Mrs. Campbell goes into the homes, showing the women how to care for their little children, how to render more cleanly their surroundings, how to make soap from the whale oil -- a soap which Mrs. Campbell remarks "may not be commended for its delicacy of perfume, but which proves efficacious for cleaning -- a good day for our village when every family has a barrel of soap and uses

it." Water is not secured in civilization's way - the faucet or pump handle; it must be brought from some distance to the homes - and that no doubt puts a premium upon its use. Besides, it is a task that does not appeal to the native, naturally, beyond supplying enough for the barest necessity; but the gospel of soap and water is not permitted to fail of emphasis. It must not be supposed that the women are idle. In addition to other tasks, they must prepare the walrus skin for its various uses as clothing and the covering of roofs and canoes, and must make from it boots for the men and children and for their own foot covering. The illustration shows them at this work of preparing the skin; and, again, one of the houses, such as the people occupy in the summer, may be seen in course of construction. The framework is usually made of drift wood and walrus tusks; the walrus hide, properly prepared, is stretched over the top. Being semi-transparent, it admits light. The St. Lawrence Island pictures, which we have reproduced, were photographed by Dr. Campbell last August and sent down that our readers might have this more intimate glimpse of life on the island.

The bright faced children who are shown bringing water, speak volumes for the work of uplift which has been going on. Contrasting the faces with those of a generation ago, they are found to have an expression entirely different in intelligence and attractiveness, which can only be explained by the Christian training and education they have received.

And so, it goes on, patiently, courageously - the effort that is being put forth for these Eskimos of the lonely island. "My class of women," writes Mrs. Campbell, "learned many verses and portions of Scriptures in the native dialect, besides some songs and the Lord's Prayer, during the year, and God has said that His word shall not return unto Him void." Gospel meeting last year, writes Dr. Campbell, brought out sixty to eighty to listen seriously. And the Siberians - forty miles across the rough waters, have caught the Gospel sound and have come to hear the Word taught. "Those words sound good. I am near believing", said Sellaghok, a Siberian visitor. "My family, too, would soon believe if they could be taught."

A Wave of Religious Awakening Among Arctic Eskimos, Gambell, St. Lawrence Island,
Alaska

Ugunalskwok, a young "singing man" or sorcerer, from the village at South West Cape, who had hitherto scoffed at Jesus, came to this village last January with a story of having had a vision, in which Jesus appeared to him and upbraided him for not believing. The story created quite a stir here, and many declared that they would give up the old way and follow only Jesus. Five whole families brought all their idols and fetishes to be publicly burned, and two boat captains gave up the annual moon worship that occurs in the spring. Many confessed their sins publicly and signed the covenant, in which they promised with God's help to finish with all their old ways and worship only as the Bible teaches. A book was prepared and all who desired to live the new life were enrolled therein.

One woman who came told us that her little seven-year old adopted daughter, Ikhnokinnuk, had begged her again and again to become a Christian, and so at last she had yielded.

In March Dr. Campbell and his interpreter, Otiyohok, were at the South West Cape village for three days. The Sunday before Dr. Campbell's arrival, they had collected and destroyed their idols. All seemed eager to learn more about Jesus, and Dr. Campbell, Otiyohok and three other young men who were visiting there, spent much time teaching portions from our Eskimo Bible. Later, in May, all of the people of South West Cape came to this village for two months for the spring hunting. Most of them attended prayer meetings and Sunday services quite regularly and seemed to be earnestly trying to follow Jesus.

In the reindeer camp, too, the revival spirit was felt, and letters from Sepillu, the leading young man of the village, told us of blessed times in their little prayer meetings.

In my woman's class I had an enrollment of thirty, and for the fifty-seven meetings an average of twenty women and ten children. A number of the women

memorized all the verses and portions of Scripture that we have translated in our Eskimo Bible, while others learned a good share of it. All were more interested in learning than ever before, I think. One young woman, Dina Annooghotungu, was not satisfied with learning the Eskimo Bible, but also learned the whole St. Lawrence Island Catechism. It was hard for her because she could not read, but she got others to help her and won a nice leather-bound Bible, of which she is justly proud. The day she received it she asked me to pray with her and thank God for helping her to learn, "for," she said, "if He had not helped me, I could not have learned it." She and another young woman, Okwohomi, came to me during the winter saying that they had been very bad and had been angry with each other for a long time so that they would not speak, though living in the same house. They said that when they prayed, they felt that God did not hear their prayers, so now they wanted to forgive each other and be friends again. I talked to them both very seriously, and each confessed her faults and asked forgiveness; then we all prayed together. When we arose from prayer they both looked much happier and they said that they felt so. They have been very good friends ever since.

Many people call on us; some on business, others to visit, and others to ask a favor of some kind. For the year I have received an average of over 234 calls per month, and Dr. Campbell and Miss Anderson each had a large share too.

In November, Dr. Campbell and I spent over two weeks in Poropirtti, the winter reindeer camp. The village there has increased to five houses and twenty-two people. Two more houses will be built this summer and more people added to their number. We had a pleasant visit and enjoyed very much the little prayer meetings. Thanksgiving Day we had a feast together, and in the evening a little party at which all enjoyed the games.

We returned from Poropirtti the first week in December and immediately were deep in preparations for Christmas. There were recitations and songs to be learned and rehearsed by the children, and gifts to be made under the teachers' direction, which

kept the children all excitement and expectancy. Some pretty remnants of outing flannel sent to me by friends in Perth Amboy were converted by Miss Anderson's sewing class into dainty little dresses for eighteen babies in the village. The girls were all very happy over making them and took pride in doing nice work. At last the great day arrived and every one was on tiptoe with excitement until the door was opened and the bell rung to call them in. The room was simply packed. Recitations and songs went off well. You should have heard them sing, "While shepherds watched their flocks." They sang it so joyously and well that it brought the tears to my eyes.

During the last six weeks there has been a good deal of sickness among the people. Considerable medicine has been dispensed, but of course it cannot be very effective when not taken according to directions, and sometimes not at all. We have tried to assist the medicine by cooking rice, rolled oats, light bread, etc. for our patients. There were but four deaths during the year ending June 30th, and fifteen births.

We are expecting the ship with our supplies to come any day now. We shall be glad to get our stores stowed away so we can take a camping trip to Collier, where some work connected with the reindeer awaits Dr. Campbell.

We are thankful for the good letters sent by our friends and for the assurance of prayers for God's work here. Keep on praying; it is only God who can turn these poor people to seek His ways.

Too often the axioms of God's Word become to us platitudes, the real significance does not affect us. God says, "Not by might" (however much of a stir we make about our work, nor even how much we seriously spend our strength or shed our tears), "nor by power" (man, combinations of men, or mighty governments), "but by my Spirit, saith Jehovah of hosts." The work must be done by the Spirit and He does His work in answer to the prayers of those who live the will of God. Further, we are leaning on that stable promise, "In due season ye shall reap if ye faint not."

HOME MISSIONS IN BERING SEA
Among Eskimos of St. Lawrence Island, Alaska

by Louise Kellogg Campbell

In the Reindeer Camp

In August, after the supply vessel had brought our provisions and they were safely stored away, we took a trip to Collier, about forty-five miles from Gambell, where we camped for two weeks while Dr. Campbell attended to the counting and marking of the reindeer. At present there are six hundred and eighty deer on the Island, nearly all of which are owned by trained Eskimo men who live at the reindeer camp with their families.

During our stay there were about fifty people at the place. Meetings, held on Sundays and Wednesdays, were well attended. One Sunday after the meeting, Dr. Campbell performed the marriage ceremony for three couples, who had been living together for several years and had children, but now, because they wanted to be Christians, desired the Christian ceremony.

We were both ill while camping, but the trip benefited us in health and we felt much more vigorous from our two weeks in the open. Our friends at Collier were very kind to us, keeping us supplied with fresh deer meat and fish all the time we were there.

The Work at Gambell

After returning, Dr. Campbell was very busy for nearly a month with from ten to twenty-three men and boys, building two houses, one to be used as an oil plant and soap factory, the other as a store. This practical work is of great value to the natives, as they learn much in doing it. There are now a number of our men and youths who are able to measure, saw and square accurately, shingle and make door and window casings, as well as do the rougher work of carpentry.

During the year nearly all our people had grip. We treated them in their homes, supplying and preparing food whenever necessary.

The year was a very busy one for both Dr. Campbell and myself, as our assistant

teacher, Miss Anderson, left in June and no one came in to take her place. After waiting until November for a ship to bring our new assistant who was waiting in Nome for an opportunity to come to us, I took the primary department and did the best I could with it for the next seven months. The work with the little folks was enjoyable, but, of course, putting in so much time with them, made it impossible for me to visit in the homes as much as I otherwise would. Two afternoons weekly the girls from the grammar department were instructed in cooking, simple dishes, such as rice, oats, beans, prunes, apples, bread, doughnuts, candy and corn-bread. They were also taught to kindle a fire and keep it going, as well as to wash and dry dishes, clean the stove and sweep the floor. The girls all enjoyed the cooking lessons and I believe derived much benefit from them.

Holiday Celebrations Among the Eskimos

On Thanksgiving Day we gave the usual feast in the school room, preceded by a short service of song. Heretofore we have invited only the children, widows, the very poor, the old and decrepit and the sick, as that was enough to more than fill the house. But this time we announced that all would be welcome, the only stipulation being that they should bring their own cups and spoons, as we had not enough to go around. Needless to say the attendance was of large proportions and kept us serving for several hours. Some of our people who had been to Powowaluk, the little village at Southwest Cape, for a brief visit, returned late in the evening and on learning that hot tea and other food was being dispensed in the school room, came right in from their sleds with snow and ice clinging to their garments. After their long, cold ride the bright warm room and hot food seemed doubly good to them.

Christmas was a happy day for all of us. Our Seattle and California friends, in the boxes that they sent, contributed largely to the Christmas joy. The school children had been busy and interested for weeks in making gifts for their parents and friends. Others also prepared and gave gifts to their loved ones and friends, so that the whole village was right on tip toe with joyous preparation and anticipation. The school children had been drilled in a program of songs and speeches,

which they carried through very well. We counted the gifts made by natives and found five hundred, including those made by the school children.

A Struggle with the Sorcerers

The first two weeks in January, the prayer meetings held every evening were quite well attended, though not as well as usual during the week of prayer. Some of the sorcerers and some of the old men, who held to former ways, and who feared that their days of supremacy were coming to a close, were very busy trying to turn away the believers from Jesus. Some of the sorcerers claimed to have had visions and dreams in which they were warned of the coming destruction of all on the Island if they continued to forsake the ways of their fathers and follow Jesus. Any illness that came was ascribed by the sorcerers to be the result of deviation from old customs and beliefs.

Being an ignorant and superstitious people, some were influenced and stopped attending all meetings and resumed old practices. Others, while they did not attend our meetings, still refrained from the old practices, and lived cleaner and better lives than formerly, and we feel confident that they will never sink back to the old level.

The trial has sifted out many, but still there are a goodly number striving to live Christian lives. Some have been persecuted for their faith, but still stand true and witness for Jesus. One sorcerer went to every house in the village and tried to get all who believed to recant. One young woman told me of his visit to her house. After telling her his visions and dreams, he asked her to stop being a Christian. She answered, "The Bible tells us that we must obey God rather than Man," Act 5:29, and also gave him some other verses that are translated into Eskimo. At last he said, "Oh well, you can believe that book if you wish, but do not attend prayer meeting any more." To which she replied that Jesus said, "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation," Mark 14:38. The Word of God was too much for the sorcerer. He dropped his head and quietly withdrew. Others told us that when his sorcerer came to their homes to talk, they got down

their Bibles and read aloud so that his words would not affect them.

Eskimo Bible Translation

At both the small villages, Poropierti, the reindeer camp, and Powowaluk at South West Cape, the natives themselves have conducted meetings twice a week, in which they studied the Scriptures, sang Gospel songs and offered prayer and testimony.

The Eskimo Bible translations which the Board of Publication published and sent to us have been a great help to all. This spring, when the Eskimo natives of Siberis visited our people, we gave these books to many who received them gladly. Last year we had given a few mimeographe copies to young men who desired them. Imagine our joy at finding this spring that one of these young men could ready any part by himself. There are now oever one hundred of these little books scattered throughout the Siberian villages along the coast from East Cape to Plover Bay. We ask the prayers of the Christians at home that God may use this means to let His Light shine into the hearts of these people, who as yet have no teachers or missionaries.

Missionaries Return Home and Others Take Up the Standard

We left Gambell on August fifteenth, on board the New Jersey, a small gasoline boar, operated by five native men of the Sinuk village, twenty-six miles north of Nome, arriving in Nome two days later.

We were sorry to leave the island, for we have know the people long and love them, and many were sick with colds and pneumonia.

While in Nome we met Miss Anderson, who was with us on the Island for three years, and Miss Ingwaldson. The first part of October they were tkan to the Island by the Revenue cutter Bear. They are now the only white people there, and will not see another white person until May or June of next year. Will you not unite your prayers with ours that they may be kept in health and strength all winter, and that God, through them, may work great things for the people of the Island? We are very grateful to the dear people at home who have had us in remembrance to pray for us through the long months when we were shut

away from any communication save by the Throne; and so we bespeak your prayers for these two friends, who will need all the prayer help you can give them.

Home Missions Monthly, Vol. 26, 1912, pp. 101-102

The Presbyterian Church was organized at Metlakatla seven years ago. Father Duncan had many followers, who, after his death, did not feel like becoming members of another organization. Some of these members actively opposed our work. The pastor, Edward Marsden, counseled patience, and through his influence the breach has been largely healed. Before the missionaries came, the Indians depended upon the blaze of an open fire at night for light. The traders brought candles with them. When the missionaries began to come, gasoline lamps were introduced. The young men in Metlakatla lately began to ask for better lighting, and as a result the natives are putting in a hydro electric plant which will supply adequate current for municipal and domestic use. This is a good illustration of the general progressiveness of the unique community.

(From A.R. - Board of National Missions, 1927 - pp.212 and 213)

WILLIAM DUNCAN

William Duncan sailed from England on a vessel commanded by Captain Provost, and landed at the Hudson Bay Company's quarters. Under this devoted layman a missionary enterprise was established among the Tsimshians at Metlakatla, first in British Columbia and later in Alaska. The Tsimshians at that time were among the fiercest and most degraded savages of the northwest coast; slavery, human sacrifice and cannibalism being features of their tribal system, to which they were rapidly adding all the vices introduced by the most depraved white men from the coasting vessels. Moved by reports of their miserable condition, Mr. Duncan voluntarily resigned a remunerative position in England to offer himself as a worker in their behalf under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society. He arrived at Fort Simpson, on the northwest coast of British Columbia, in October, 1857, and after some months spent in learning the language, and making acquaintance with the tribe, then numbering 2,300, opened his first school in June, 1858. By courage and devotion, through danger and difficulty, he built up a civilized Christian body, which in 1860 he colonized to the number of about 340 in a regular town established at Metlakatla, an abandoned village site sixteen miles south of Fort Simpson. By systematic improvement of every industrial opportunity for years the town had grown to a prosperous, self-supporting community of 1,000 persons, when by reason of difficulties with the local bishop, upheld by the colonial government, Mr. Duncan and his Indians determined to abandon their town and improvements and seek asylum under United States protection in Alaska, where they formed a new settlement known as New Metlakatla, on Annette Island, 60 miles north of their former home. The island which is about 40 miles long and 3 miles wide, has been reserved by Congress for their use, and the work of education and improvement is now progressing as before the removal, the present population being about 500.

(From The American Indian on the New Trail - pp/183-184)

A Century and a Quarter Old
1802-1927

The year 1927-1928 will see the celebration of three anniversaries by the Board of National Missions. In 1802 the first Standing Committee of Missions was appointed by the General Assembly meeting in Philadelphia. The year 1927 therefore represents the 125th anniversary of the organized beginnings of National Missions. In 1877, under the escort of Dr. Sheldon Jackson, Mrs. A. R. McFarland was sent to Fort Wrangell, Alaska, where she opened a day school. The year 1927 is therefore the jubilee of Alaskan missions. The years 1876, 1877 and 1878 are initial years in organized work among women. The General Assembly of 1876 suggested to synods that a committee of women be appointed annually "who shall be a medium of communication between the Board and the various women's missionary organizations within its bounds." During 1877 synodical organizations were formed, and in 1878 the Woman's Executive Committee, the national body, was organized. It has therefore seemed wise to celebrate the anniversary of woman's missionary work at this time even though the Woman's Executive Committee was not formally constituted until the fall of 1878. These three anniversaries will be observed as one, the 125th Anniversary, with special emphasis as desired.

An Anniversary Fund of \$500,000 has been projected including objects on all fields. These are included in the budget of askings of the Board and therefore will not constitute a special appeal. In fact, the realization of the entire National Missions budget will insure the Anniversary objects.

An educational and publicity program has been worked out in connection with the anniversary. This includes, among other things, a four-page monthly bulletin, historical leaflets, a pageant, an historical map, Christmas cards and stereopticon lectures on the three phases to be stressed during the year.

The initial celebration of the anniversary was held in connection with the meeting of the Board of National Missions the last of April. The formal inauguration, however, will take place at the meeting of the General Assembly in San Francisco the last of May.

(Women and Missions, May, 1927, p. 71.)

From: HERE IS ALASKA, by Evelyn Stefansson , Scribner's, 1943.

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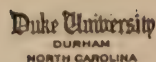
- p.1 "Up North where Bering Sea meets the Arctic Ocean and Siberia and Alaska seem to be reaching out to join hands...." "Little Diomedé belongs to the United States and is in the Western Hemisphere while Big Diomedé is a part of the Soviet Union in the Eastern Hemisphere. Less than three miles of water separate them." (Between them runs the International Date Line.)
- p. 7. "Alaska is a country of extremes -- of the very old and the very new, of ancient Eskimo and Indian cultures and of modern gold mining and fishing. Here you will find, side by side, glaciers and strawberries, dog teams and airplanes. A skin boat, the design of ~~which~~ which has not been changed for a thousand years, is fitted with the latest model outboard motor.
- "One fifth the size of the United States, its 586,000 square miles offer almost every conceivable type of climate and country.... Alaska has the third largest river in North America, the Yukon, coming in length and in drainage basin after the Mississippi and the Mackenzie. It has many small lakes and no large ones....
- p. 8 "One of the commonest mistakes is that Alaska is^a frigid country, so chilled that there are no summers. But two thirds of Alaska is below the Arctic Circle, and at Point Barrow, the extreme northern tip of the Territory, the lowest winter temperature is slightly above the lowest records of North Dakota, Wyoming, and Montana. In central Alaska the maximum heat of summer is about equal to that of New York City....
- p. 10 "The cheapest means of traveling long distances in Alaska is by airplane. It is so cheap that even an Eskimo, who owns his own dog team and to whom time is of no value, cannot afford to travel by sledge between, say, Nome and Fairbanks.... Alaskans probably fly more per capita than any other people in the world.... With only one railroad of consequence and few roads, a traveler must often choose between dog team and plane....
- p. 13 "Many an Alaskan owes his life to the quick transportation to a hospital, offered by a plane, across a distance that would have taken weeks of traveling by dog team or any other means of transportation. Airplanes are now commonplace even in remote villages....
- p. 18 "The principal interior highways of Alaska are her rivers. In summer they are liquid highways for the kayaks and umiaks of the Eskimos and the canoes of the forest Indians as well as for river steamboats; in winter, after the freeze-up, they are transformed into broad, smooth highways on which ~~the~~ dog teams and tractors travel with equal ease. More and more freighting is now being done in winter by caterpillar tractors, or "cats" as they are called in Alaska, pulling long trains of heavily loaded sledges....
- p. 20 "Alaska is like an enormous party telephone line, for almost every village now has a short wave receiving and sending set.... The short wave radio plays a new and important role in dispensing medical information to isolated villages where planes are not available and where weeks of old fashioned travel would be necessary for a doctor trying to reach a sick person, whereupon he might arrive too late. Emergency surgical operations have been performed by schoolteachers with little or no knowledge of medicine, according to instructions, step by step, from a doctor a thousand miles away. Countless babies have been delivered by this method...."



"HERE IS ALASKA", by Evelyn Stefansson.

- p. 21 "The town of Seward, named after the Secretary of State, has been a gateway to the interior as the southern terminus of the Government-operated Alaska Railroad....
- p. 22 "From the purchase until 1897 was black period of lawlessness in Alaska's history. With no civil law or administration for maintaining order, murder, burglary, and drunkenness were the order of the day.....until 1912, when the Alaskan legislature was created."
- p. 22 "Fishing and canning, mining, fur trapping and breeding, transportation, and farming; these are the ways Alaskans earn their living....But...gold mining ... is not as large or as important as the fisheries.....Besides gold, Alaska has large supplies of copper. There are silver, platinum, tin, marble, coal and oil. From Alaska's earliest days, fur has played an important role. The first Russians that set foot on Alaska were seeking furs; today it is the third ranking industry... Fur farming, too, has become an important industry, especially in the blue fox ranches on the Aleutian Islands and the smaller islands ~~in~~ in Prince William Sound and in southeastern Alaska. Silver fox and mink farming have also been successful...
- p. 27 "That narrow strip of southernmost Alaska, that adjoins the British Columbia coast like a narrow hallway leading to Alaska proper, is called the Panhandle....
- p. 28 "All the 'first families' of Alaska were originally either Eskimo or forest Indian. In the southeastern part of the country lived the Tlingit Indian tribes, possessed of a great unwritten literature and complicated social life....Living today in southeastern Alaska are about three thousand Tlingits, about five hundred Tsimshians, most of whom are at Metlakatla, and about six hundred Haidas. The Tsimshians and the Haidas, whose fathers migrated from British Columbia to Alaska, are small segments of large tribes still resident in ~~Alaska~~ Canada. Little remains today of the old Indian cultures, for these sons of great warriors earn their living by working in the white man's modern canneries and factories.... In the interior of Alaska, live about five thousand Tinnah or Athapascan Indians who are essentially fur trappers or caribou hunters. They resemble the southeastern Indians more than they do the Eskimos....
- p. 29 "By far the largest number of natives in Alaska are the true Eskimos, but although they number well over fifteen thousand they are only a small remnant of what they were a hundred years ago..... The Eskimos are good-humored, honest, and self reliant people who dwell along the Arctic Ocean and Bering Sea, as well as in the deltas of the rivers and, in some cases, well up the river valleys, especially along the Colville, Noatak and Kobuk. Their present economy is in some districts based largely on the reindeer introduced into the Territory for that purpose more than forty years ago by the Bureau of Education. They are generally hunters of the Caribou, mountain sheep and moose; of the polar bear, seal, walrus and whale....

"North of the Arctic Circle most of the people live, for at least part of the year, on or near the coast. On the great inland prairie the population is now very sparse, but only fifty years ago this plain was inhabited by ten or perhaps twenty times as many Eskimos as now.....



p. 30 " Soon after the first contact between the two peoples (white and Eskimo), the natives of Alaska began to die in great numbers from various diseases brought in by the whites. This was no doubt so throughout Alaska, but we know the story best from the Eskimos. The deadliness from the new sickness/ was due to its newness -- neither the ancestors of these prairie Indians nor those of their forest cousins had ever been afflicted by any of them, so there could be no inherited immunity....

"It is a common belief that the deadliest scourge that has ever swept the native peoples of the New World was smallpox, and this may indeed be true; but so far as we really know the history of Alaska by far the deadliest plague has been measles. ~~There~~ was an epidemic around the turn of the century which killed not less than one quarter of the people in any village we know about/ and which, according to a report which we believe authentic, killed ninety-eight out of ninety-nine people of one village, the only survivor being a girl of about six. The second epidemic, which came a few years later, may have killed ten to twenty percent; the third killed only a few, and now the danger of measles to the comparatively small Eskimo remainder is not much greater than to us..... (developed and inherited immunity).(We believe now)....

p. 32 "Most Eskimo deaths are now caused by tuberculosis, about which there is debate. Some think the disease was always there but that it was kept in check, as long as the natives retained their own way of living, by whole-some food, by comparatively sanitary housing and by the generally favorable conditions of life. Others believe that tuberculosis did not exist among the Eskimos until introduced by whites in historic times, and that the greater death rate among them than among us is accounted for by the newness of the scourge, as with measles. In one respect only have the whites brought with them a great improvement, insofar as mortality figures go. This has been through reducing the death rate at childbirth both for mothers and children....

p. 37 "Perhaps we had better say explicitly what has been implied, that the Eskimos are not fading away towards disappearance. Some years ago, perhaps as many as ten or twenty years, was the lowest ebb. By then the various new diseases had each killed away those most susceptible to it, leaving as fathers and mothers of the next generation only those who were partly or completely immune, able to transmit their immunity to their descendants. About the only disease to which this does not seem to apply is tuberculosis. It seems now, especially if you are a firm believer in the immunity doctrine, that it should not be many generations until the tuberculosis record of the Eskimos is no worse than ours. When that time comes they will begin to increase/rapidly as we do. Meantime they are increasing a little....

p. 37 "~~But~~ The Eskimos and the other Indians of Alaska were formerly wards of the Government; they had no rights of citizenship but the Government was pledged to look after their welfare. But in 1924 an Act of Congress provided that 'all non-citizen Indians, born within the territorial limits of the United States, shall be citizens,' and that the granting of citizenship shall not in any way affect the right of an Indian to tribal or other property. Some have contended that the Eskimos are not Indians and would not come under this law, but it has been ruled that the law does apply to them. ...

p. 39 "As we have implied, the Eskimo language is perhaps the hardest of all languages in the world to learn.... The only whites who ~~have~~ learn Eskimo are a few missionaries who have been studious and who have lived long in the country, a half dozen scientists, and a few whites who have married Eskimo women..

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- p. 39 "Eskimos as a rule are quick-witted and intelligent, showing remarkable capacity for appreciating and learning useful things, especially mechanical arts..
- p. 68 "The three most important white influences in the lives of the villagers (Unalakleet) are three people. In the order of their importance they are the missionary, the schoolteacher and the trading post operator....
- p. 72 "According to the teachers Eskimo children are bright and quick to learn, but are somewhat handicapped through being taught from the same text books that are used ~~in~~ by schools in the States.....
- p. 90 "Eskimos, young and old, dearly love to play marbles, chew gum, smoke, and eat candy. In their jolly fashion they make each visit of a newcomer an excuse for a party. They play cards a good deal and have become expert gamers, as the schoolteacher and several visitors have found out. Rummy and double solitaire are their favorite games; in both cards and checkers they usually beat white men....

St. Lawrence Island

- p. 108 "As we continue our journey northward, the next island in our path is St. Lawrence, the largest in Bering Sea, and about one hundred and ten miles southwest of King Island. Another stepping stone from the Old World to the New, this volcanic island was undoubtedly part of the land bridge that once connected the two continents....
- "The island is only forty miles away from Siberia, a distance easily covered by umiak, but it is one hundred and eighteen miles from the nearest Alaskan mainland. Because it is much nearer Siberia, it is natural that the natives have been in ~~much~~ intimate contact with their Siberian cousins. Its remoteness from Alaska has served to guard its Eskimos from the 'civilizing' influence of the white man and, until fairly recently, they retained almost intact their Eskimo way of life. They are still a meat-eating people. There has been considerable change in their style of clothing, which has been due mainly to the introduction of inexpensive cotton material out of which the women make dresses patterned after ours, to be worn indoors....
- p. 110 "A taboo is an act that is forbidden through religious or superstitious belief.....
- "St. Lawrence Island,... about a hundred miles long and twenty miles wide, is a government reservation. That is, the government has set aside the island for the exclusive use of the Eskimo inhabitants, like the great Indian reservations of ~~the~~ western United States. In 1900 the Department of the Interior placed seventy imported Siberian reindeer on the island to provide food and clothing for the natives. Today there are ten thousand animals, all descendants of the original seventy. They provide hides and fawnskins for bedding and clothing and delicious meat for food....(Reindeer are domesticated caribou.).... The Eskimos of St. Lawrence Island, numbering about five hundred, are among the most prosperous in Alaska. Among the rolling grassy hills are many fresh-water streams and innumerable lakes. The long coast line, in the direct path of the ice pack, is well located for securing food and fur. The ice brings with it those animals that live on or by the ice, walrus, seal, white fox and whale. In summer countless ~~hundreds~~ numbers of migrating birds make... home." Foxes, numerous on the island, in addition to those which come ashore from the ice pack, and the ivory carvings made by the natives provide the chief sources of cash income. So prosperous are some of the people that families have two sewing machines, two alarm clocks, and two or more other expensive imported items.

(over)

p. 112

"Sevaokuk, which Alaskans call Gambell, and Savoonga are the two settlements on the island. Each has a mayor and a council elected by popular vote to administer the affairs of the group. Teachers and a nurse from the Bureau of Indian Affairs, with an occasional missionary, look after the general welfare of the inhabitants. Each village has a cooperative store, which is designed to enable its members to sell its wares at a greater profit by dealing directly with the purchaser, eliminating the middleman, or wholesaler. The cooperatives are managed by a native board of directors which elects the storekeepers and the chief reindeer herders, sets prices and takes care of families when the trapping is poor. The sales of the beautiful fox pelts and ivory carvings are usually handled through these stores....

p. 123

(From the map, we see that the flying distance from Alaska (say Fairbanks) is approximately the same to the following:

To New York	3250 miles.
" Vladivostok	3250 "
" Tokyo	3500 "
To London	4200 "
" Berlin	4250 "
" Moscow	4100 "
" New Orleans	4200 " Estimated.
" Chungking	4725 "
" San Francisco	2125 "
" Pearl Harbor	2425 "
" Chicago	2500 " estimated

Tanana

p. 131

"Fairbanks, a bustling metropolis in the valley of the Tanana River (a branch of the Yukon), 120 miles south of the Arctic Circle, is called the 'golden heart' of Alaska. Geographically it is almost the center of Alaska and the golden thread that ~~played~~ runs throughout so much of Alaska's history played a part in its founding. This greatly expanded mining camp is the northern terminus of the Government-owned and operated Alaska Railroad. Its modest homes of one story peeled log cabins are heated with wood-burning stoves and surrounded by flower gardens. The more pretentious dwellings are of frame construction with cement foundations, bathrooms and furnaces and are bordered by cement walks on the main street and planks on the outskirts of the town....

p. 150ff

Our most northerly cape, Point Barrow (Nuvuk, meaning "point" in Eskimo.) In 1940 Barrow had all families, 4 of whom were white. Barrow is 330 miles north of the Arctic Circle. Permanently frozen sub-soil like refrigerator or deep freeze... On the "Arctic Mediterranean", between the old world and the new -- on the north Barrow faces across the smallest of our oceans Europe and northwestern Asia -- highway of "the future for aerial commerce"... Alaska has "within her borders the climate of Denmark in her south, the climate of Finland in her north, an area greater than Finland and all the Scandinavian countries, and resources greater than those of Finland and the Scandinavians"... Those who speak of "Seward's Ice Box" do so with a modern appreciation of the value, comfort, and utility of ice... Alaska, "the Land of Tomorrow."

Re St. Lawrence Island

It has seemed unfortunate, to me, that no missionary has been on St. Lawrence Island since the removal of Dr. Campbell. According to the report of Mr. Coffin no religious work is being done for the three hundred people of the Island.

I have had personal knowledge of the St. Lawrence work since the days of Mr. and Mrs. Vene Gambell who were drowned at the time of the foundering of the "Lady Jane Gray" upon which they were essaying to return to the Island to continue the very successful work which they instituted at St. Lawrence and which engaged their efforts for three years. This work was forwarded by Dr. Campbell who has since his removal repeatedly urged that a missionary be sent to continue the work. Not only because of the permanent population of the Island but because it is practically a part of Siberia, having a people who speak the same language and who visit back and forth with the main land, is it an important station where the light of the gospel should not be permitted to pass into eclipse.

(Extract from letter to Dr. John Dixon from James H. Condit, dated Jan.4, 1917)
In Dr. Jackman's files)

Life at St. Lawrence Island

As told in "At The School House Farthest West".

Home Missions Monthly, Vol. XIV, p. 230
" " " 250